

GRACE AND MERCY.

Peter was a little boy
Whose mischief was well known,
The punishment, 'ten whacks' said Dad
"Must surely now be borne."
So with a wooden spoon in hand,
Dad counted up to eight,
When Pete inquired, "why not the ten,"
To him Dad did relate.
"You see my son, though you deserve
this punishment in full,
Alongside justice, mercy too,
On Daddy's heartstrings pull,
It's mercy you must understand
Is shown to you today,
My love for you I wish to prove,
It is the only way.

Then to his room young Pete was sent,
His deeds to think about,
When from the bottom of the stairs,
He heard his father shout.
"Come with me son, let's have a treat,
Your Daddy's going to pay,"
And Pete would learn of grace revealed
In a fathers heart that day.
"Please help me Dad to understand
Why things I don't deserve,
Are given to me freely,
Though from the right I often swerve."
His Father held him in his arms,
And gently brushed his face,
"You see my Son it comes from God,
And it is known as GRACE.

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